

**Look Before you Kick.**

A minister in one of the orthodox Churches, while on his way to preach a funeral sermon in the country, called to see one of his members, an old widow lady, who lived near the road he was traveling. The old lady had just been making sausages, and she felt proud of them—they were so plump, round and sweet. Of course she insisted on the minister taking some of the links home to his family. He objected on account of not having his portmanteau along. This objection was soon over ruled, and the old lady, after wrapping them in a rag, carefully placed a bundle in each pocket of the preacher's capacious great coat. Thus equipped he started to the funeral.

While attending to the solemn ceremonies of the grave, some hungry dogs scented the sausages, and were not long in tracking them to the good man's over-coat. Of course this was a great annoyance, and he was several times under the necessity of kicking these whelps away. The obsequies of the grave being completed, the minister and congregation repaired to the church, when the funeral discourse was to be preached. After the sermon was finished, the minister halted to make some remarks to his congregation, when a brother, who desired to have an appointment given out, ascended the steps of the pulpit, and gave the minister's coat a hitch, to get his attention. The divine, thinking it a dog having designs upon his pocket, raised his foot, gave a sudden kick, and sent the brother sprawling down the steps!

"You will excuse me, brethren and sisters," said the minister confusedly, and without looking at the work he had just done, "for I could not avoid it—I have sausage in my pocket, and that dog has been trying to grab them ever since I came upon the premises!"

Your readers may judge of the effect such an announcement would have at a funeral. Tears of sorrow were suddenly exchanged for smiles and merriment.

Have you ever observed how soon a man assumes the starchiness of his dicky when "the people" elevate him a little? The lower the office, as a general thing, the more insolent you will find the occupant. Some of our local pet-bank chashiers put on more airs than the Governor of the State; while we have seen the boss of a two-horse railroad line more difficult to come at, than the Judge of a Supreme Court. President Pierce is far more accessible than the Secretaries; while the Secretaries are much more accessible than the clerks. The most insolent man we found at the "White House" was a footman. The fact is, the more buck-wheat a man's head contains, where brains ought to be, the more he runs away with the idea that being "sassy" and keeping his hair slicked up is being dignified. Did you ever notice the matter?

**THE TOMB OF ALEXANDER SEVERUS.**—The imperial marble tomb which was brought from Asia by Commodore Elliot, and presented by him to the National Institute, after offering it to General Jackson, now rests in the basement of the Patent Office at Washington. It is an elaborately wrought structure, but the exposure of many years has deprived it of its original snowy whiteness. It is not attractive, except as a curious relic of the past, and is probably destined to remain long in the gloom of the basement. The old general was a good deal incensed towards Elliot, on account of his unreasonable present. His exclamations of surprise and indignation, when the tomb arrived, were in the mouths of half the boys in Washington. It was said, he censured Elliot severely for his lack of tact and taste, and declared he was in no hurry to try the tomb of Severus, whom he abused for a benighted pagan.—[Buff. Com.]

Gov. Wood returns in the spring on a short visit to Ohio. There is no evidence of his declining the Consulate, without Mr. Pierce can do something better for his excellency.

Mr. Buchanan was at the Queen's last levee. We commend his good sense and firmness. The dress of a gentleman will answer for any American diplomat in future.

**"TAIL WALKING."**—The Paris correspondent of the New York Times describes two remarkable experiments in aerostation, which he gives assurance, were actually performed. A man enveloped in a network containing a large number of bladders filled with hydrogen gas, ran, one day, down the Champs Elysees at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. His leaps were enormous, the ascensional power of the gas was not sufficient to carry him up, but it neutralized three-quarters of his weight. He subsequently renewed the experiment with a little more gas. He made forty miles an hour, and said that with a favorable wind he could easily make forty-five, and beat any locomotive without fatigue. The Times correspondent adds:

With the tremendous muscular power possessed by man, it is evident that if he could in any way lengthen his legs, as this invention in reality does, he would realize the fable of Seven Leagued Boots. Caulder, the most agile clown of the circus, who was present, agreed soon, with a similar apparatus, to jump over the Seine. I understand that a dozen machines with improvements are now in course of fabrication, and that the idea of annihilating space has seized upon more than one adventurous brain.—As to the aeronauts, they all acknowledge that they might as well burn their balloons.

**A WARNING TO JEALOUS HUSBANDS.**—A young man in Providence, (R. I.) who had a very handsome wife, recently became dissatisfied with the attention of others towards her (without cause, of course,) started off and traveled some two or three hundred miles and visited several hospitals for the purpose of catching the small pox, so that he might give it to his wife, thinking if she should become pretty well pitted upon her face it would have a tendency to keep away her admirers. But the fun of the joke was, he took the disease himself, went home, and died; and the young widow, who did not take it at all, has since married a handsome young man who is not jealous.

**What is it to be a gentleman.** It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner? Ought a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband, an honest father? Ought his life to be decent—his bills to be paid—his tastes to be high and elegant—his aims in life lofty and noble? In a word, ought not the biography of a First Gentleman in Europe to be of such a nature, that it might be read in Young Ladies' Schools with advantage, and studied with profit in the Seminaries of young gentlemen.—[Thackeray.]

**OUR FAVORITE POISON.**—In the signs of physical health, and in all that constitutes the outward aspect of men and women of the United States, our people compare most unfavorably with those on the other side of the Atlantic. So completely is this the fact, that though we are unconscious of it at home, the first thing that strikes an American upon returning from abroad, is the pale and sickly countenances of his friends and acquaintances—the men look so pale, the women so delicate. The national poison which causes all this, is not tobacco, nor patent medicines, nor coffee; it is nothing less than the vitiated air of close stores, and the unventilated apartments which accompany them; in the continual atmosphere of close stores, breathed in our homes, in our rail cars, in our steamboat cabins, in our lecture rooms, concerts, and private assemblies all over the country.

Pale countrymen and countrywomen, rouse yourselves. Consider that God has given you an atmosphere of pure, salubrious air, forty-five miles high, and—ventilate your houses.—[A. J. Downing.]

Late correspondence from Madrid states that the Marquis de Turgot, who was shot through the knee in his duel with Mr. Soule, sen., has not got well. He suffered terribly from his wound, and for a long time was in a most critical state. He was at last accounts gradually recovering, but was feeble, emaciated and spiritless, and still confined with his wound.

**Origin of Words and Phrases.**

**WINDFALL.**—The origin of this term is said to be the following: Some of the nobility of England, by the tenure of their estates, were forbidden selling any of the trees upon them, the timber being preserved for the use of the royal navy. Such trees as fell without cutting were the property of occupants. A tornado, therefore, was a perfect godsend in every sense of the term, to those who had occupancy of the extensive forest, and the windfall was sometimes of a very great value.

**ROBBING PETER TO PAY PAUL.**—In the time of Edward VI., much of the lands of St. Peter, at Westminster, were seized by his majesty's ministers and courtiers, but in order to reconcile the people to that robbery, they always allowed a portion of the lands to be appropriated towards the repairs of St. Paul's church; hence the phrase, "robbing Peter to pay Paul."

**HE'S CAUGHT A TARTAR.**—In some battle between the Russians and Tartars, who are a wild sort of people in the north of Asia, a private soldier called out:—"Captain, halloo there, I've caught a Tartar." "Fetch him along, then," said the Captain. "Ay, but he won't let me," said the man. The fact was that the Tartar had caught him. So when a man thinks to get another in, and gets bit himself, they say, "He's caught a Tartar."

**BANKRUPT.**—Few words have so remarkable a history as the familiar word bankrupt. The money changers of Italy had, it is said, benches or stalls in the courts of exchange, in former times, and at these they conducted their ordinary business. When any any of them fell back in the world, and became insolvent, his bench was broken, and the name broken bench, *bencoratto*, was given to him. When the word was adopted into English, it was nearer the Italian than it now is, being bankrout instead of bankrupt.

**HIE, BETTY MARTIN.**—Many of our most popular vulgarisms have their origin in some whimsical perversion of knowledge or fact. St. Martin is one of the worthiest of the Roman Calendar, and a form of prayer commences with the words, "*O mihi beati Martin.*" which was corrupted to "My eye and Betty Martin," and still further to "Hie Betty Martin."

**ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.**—Although no phrase is in more common use, yet few are acquainted with its origin. The impression signifies the giving of an equivalent. Roland and Oliver were two knights famous in romance. The wonderful achievements of the one can only be equalled by those of the other. Hence the phrase, "Roland for an Oliver."

**MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S.**—The origin of this phrase is said to have been a call of attention; in the old English ale-houses, *pints and quarts* being scored down to the unconscious or reckless beer-bibber.

**EFFECT OF DEEP PLOWING.**—A correspondent of the New England Farmer says:—"A striking instance of the benefits resulting from continued deep plowing, was brought to our notice on viewing the cultivated ground of A. M. Whipple, Esq., on the banks of the Connecticut river near Lowell. This was naturally a light and sandy soil. His men were engaged in gathering in the crop of hay from an extensive field, which yielded more than two tons to the acre. The enquiry arose by what means was the crop made so abundant, on land so shallow? His answer was, *deep plowing mainly.* That for eight or ten years past he usually plowed *twelve inches* deep. That he put on his grounds but a light dressing of stable manure—made no compost whatever—but relied almost entirely on the improvement of the soil, by turning the furrows deep. His crops were quite equal to those we have been accustomed to see on strong land, highly manured." \* \* \* "Similar benefits were apparent in the growing crops of corn and oats, in the adjoining lots."

**CLERICAL FIGHT.**—It is said that two clergymen in Boston recently got so excited in bandying words about the new constitution, that they fell to work and pounded each other soundly.

**Sebastopol and the City of Caverns.**

The harbor of Sebastopol, which is at the present time the chief naval depot of the Russian fleets in the Black Sea, is situated on the south-western coast of the peninsula of Crimea. It is one of the finest harbors in the world. A narrow bay extends a considerable distance inland, where it is intersected by a sort of inner harbor which opens nearly at right angles to the northward, and extends some five miles into the country.

The depth of water, excepting near the head of the inner harbor, is about six or eight fathoms. In the cove where the town is built there is a depth of five fathoms close in shore. The bottom consists of clay and mud and is free from rocks or shoals. At the mouth of the port, as well as on its two sides, and on the southern angle of its inner harbor, there are strong, commanding fortresses, on which are mounted many heavy cannon, completely commanding the entrance of the harbor. Merchantmen are not allowed to enter the port of Sebastopol, and it has become exclusively a naval station. In its inner harbor may at all times be seen lying at anchor, a goodly fleet of large ships of war. The town of Sebastopol is situated near the site of the ancient city of Cherson, a part of whose ruins still rear their stately forms in proud defiance of time and his invisible agents. Sebastopol is well built, with wide and regular streets intersecting each other at right angles. The houses are mostly constructed in the modern Italian style. The principal edifices are the admiralty, arsenal, hospital and barracks.

The town of Inkerman (City of Caverns) is one of the chief curiosities in the vicinity of Sebastopol. It is situated about a mile from the head of the bay, near the banks of the small creek which flows into the harbor. It consists of a great number of apartments connected by passages and stairs, all hewn out within a ledge of calcareous rock, which extends partially across the valley. Among these rooms are handsomely arched Gothic chapels, with niches in various places, besides great numbers of sleeping rooms and cells—all excavated within the solid rock. The highest part of the rock has been cut away so as to overhang its base, and thus render any ascent to it impossible except by way of the narrow and at present somewhat ruinous stairway within. On the summit are the ruins of the old Castle of Inkerman; and one massive round tower, about forty feet high, is still very imposing. A magnificent view may be obtained from the top of the rock. The origin of Inkerman caverns is not known, although they are generally supposed to have been constructed in the early ages of Christianity by a colony of Arians, who, fleeing from persecution, entrenched themselves here, and for a long time resided in this lonely vale, secure in their rocky fortress, and happy in their new religion. It is said that they first applied for permission to construct dwellings to the Government of Chersonesa; but they were told that there was no home for them in that vicinity—that they might only dwell among the rocks at Inkerman. The Arians took them at their word, and soon excavated the cliffs into durable dwellings, chapels, halls and corridors, causing the once forbidden facades to appear, when illuminated at night, like the front of a stupendous palace.—[Boston Journal.]

Hon. John L. Taylor, Representative of the Ross district in Congress, announces his purpose to oppose the passage of the Nebraska bill. Mr. Taylor gave the only vote that was cast by the Ohio delegation in Congress in favor of the fugitive slave law.

"What is shew bread, Aunt?" asked Ike, who was reading the Bible consecutively, and tearing out the leaves as he went along, so as not to lose the place; "what is shew bread?" "Why, Isaac," said Mrs. Partington, "shew bread is that which the people earn by making shoes. There is plenty of it in Lynn."

**SUPPLIES OF WATER.**—The city of Paris is supplied daily with twenty-two millions of gallons, London forty-five millions, Boston ten millions, New York thirty millions, and Philadelphia fifteen millions.